DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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### NOTICE.

Subscribers to this paper will find the date their subscription terminates printed after the name. Those expiring at the end of the present month will please have the remittances mailed in time.

### SOMETHING ABOUT NEWSPAPERS.

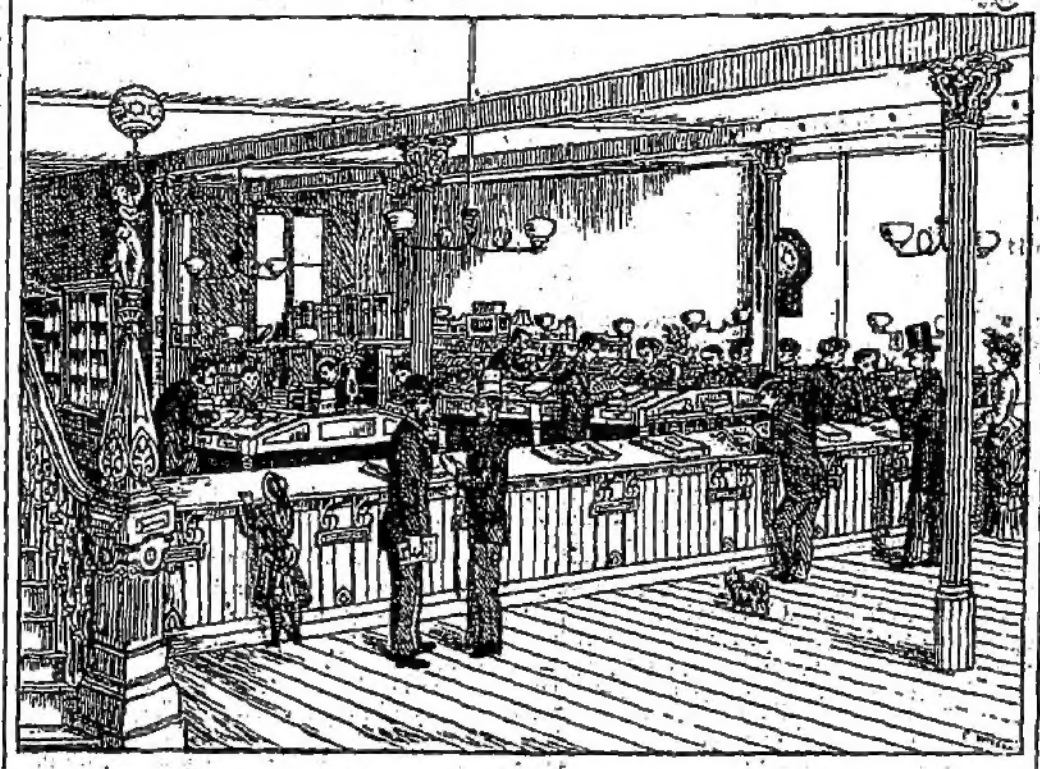
Every day the WITNESS Office where the MESSENGER is published and printed is visited by many visitors, who are generally delighted with what they see. That so much machinery, so many employees and so much skill and care is required to send forth the different WITNESS publications as they are issued surprises them greatly, and completely revolutionizes the ideas of many of them in regard to the publishing business. In the first place they are astonished to see a double building which occupies 7,300 feet of ground and 20,400 of flooring, in which one hundred and twenty-eight persons are employed. These are divided as follows: ten in the business department; thirteen on the editorial and reporting staff; three wood engravers; four in the "promotion department," which attends to the prizes, general correspondence, &c.; thirty-five compositors on the WITNESS and MESSENGER, including foremen; four proof-readers and "copy-holders," two electrotypers; thirteen job printers; eighteen folders and binders; four despatchers; three compositors to keep the mailing lists in order; fifteen pressmen and feeders; one engineer, and four drivers, whose duty it is to deliver the DAILY WITNESS in the city. Besides these there are newsboys, dealers, carriers, telegraphic and other correspondents who are also wholly or partly connected with this establishment.

Next to the extent of the office, the system manifest in every department of labor and the ingenuity and extent and perfection of the machinery employed causes most comment. A glance at the press-room on the fourth page gives some idea of the activity in that department. At the time the sketch given was taken, less than a month ago, there were in the press-room an eight cylinder Hoe rotary press, on which the DAILY WITNESS is printed, a four cylinder rotary press, a double cylinder for the WEEKLY WITNESS, a single feeder for the MESSENGER, two presses for job work, one of which printed L'AURORE and another the DOMINION MONTHLY, and four for smaller work. The eight cylinder press referred to is capable of printing sixteen thousand sheets an hour, and is often run up to that number. Its catalogue price is thirty thousand dollars.

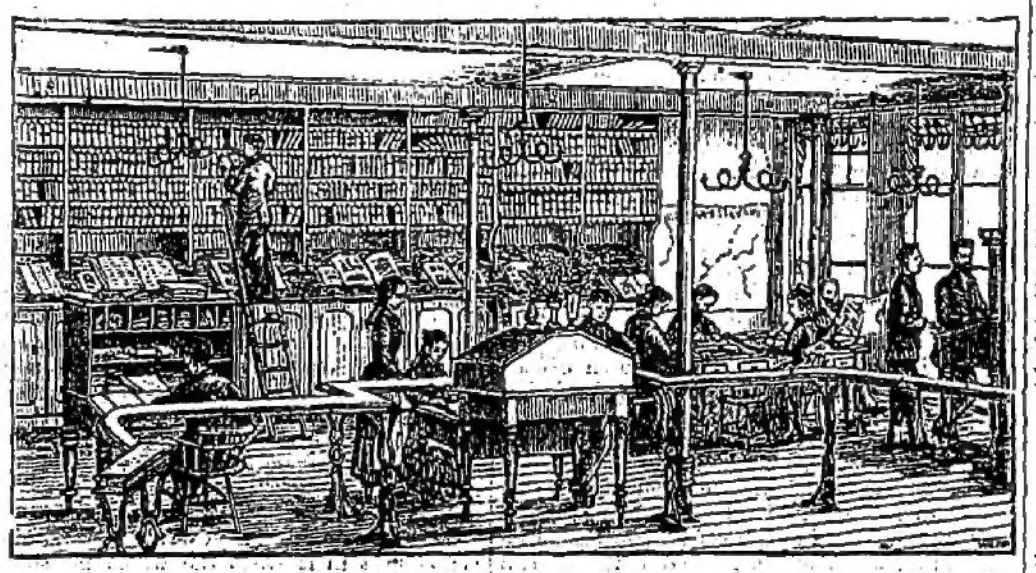
Just for a moment think of the amount of paper which runs through these presses in a year. Some 4,509,500 copies of the DAILY WITNESS, 1,412,000 of the WEEKLY WITNESS and 1,200,000 of the NORTHERN MESSENGER are issued in a year. If these were all piled up in reams they would make a column 3,560 feet, or more than two-thirds of a mile, high. If stretched out and pasted together they would reach four thousand four hundred and twenty-one miles.

To see that each one of this immense number of papers gets to its destination may well be considered a matter of care and difficulty. This will be better understood when it is remembered that during the year ending February, 1877, twenty-two thousand seven hundred and seventy-three money letters passed through this department in the WITNESS Office, while as many more, having reference to changes, instructions, giving advice, etc., were attended to. Some of these letters are of an extraordinary nature. In one instance, on a day when some eight hundred money letters poured into the department, the writer signed his name after the manner of an enigma. It was interesting, but out of place. People sometimes send letters with the statement, "Of course you know my name, as you sent me a circular," or something similar. Others sign their names without giving any post-office address, while many again give two addresses, one at the head and the other at the foot of their letters. Sometimes the amount required to be sent is enclosed with no other intimation; but more frequently still the letters, names and all, are sent without the money.

Another department of some interest is the one having charge of the premiums, of which the MESSENGER readers know something. It is desired, as far as possible, to give some return for all favors done. But here arises a difficulty. Most of these favors are simply because of the good-will of the performers, and any direct return would be anything but pleasing to them. Thus the rule has been made that those who desire to work for prizes must, in some way, indicate their desire, and the manner considered most satisfactory is to have the words "In competition" written on the top of all letters containing money intended for the prizes. The names of those who send such letters are entered in a separate book ruled in columns, and the remittances are recorded one after the other, so that when the last is sent in the total can be checked in an instant. The number of prizes given in a year is nothing inconsiderable. The following is merely a partial list of what were sent out in the winter of 1877-78:—236 pairs of skates; 30 gold lockets; 125 gold rings; 40 photograph albums; 82 Pool's weather glass and thermometer combined; 6 magic lanterns; 4 McKinnon pens; 298 chromos of Lady Dufferin and 327 of the Earl of Dufferin.



THE COUNTING ROOM.



THE LIBRARY

### AN IMPORTANT CONSIDERATION.

That was a funny man who said, "If all the world were blind, what a sad sight it would be!" but it is a serious question, "If one-fifth of our children have their sight injured at school, what are we going to do about it?" Nor is this merely *a supposed case*. Recent examinations in Germany show that a large share of the school children become myopic, as the doctors say: in plain English, short-sighted. In Magdeburg in the Kloster-Pædagogium, 23 per cent. in the sixth class were myopic; five grades higher, the rate was 70 per cent.! in the highest class in the gymnasium, or high school, the rate was 95 per cent.! The evil grew worse as the pupils advanced. Now German schools are notoriously ill-lighted and inconvenient; but are our schools faultless in this?

Mark this well: *every* cause of injury to the eyes in childhood is to be avoided. No one is unimportant; each error of fine-type books, bad posture, bad ventilation, bad light, and bad color of walls, should be noted, and reform should follow.

Ought we to have black blackboards and white walls and ceiling? Certainly not. Black and white are really high colors, as truly as vermillion, red and mazarine blue; and the glaring contrast is hard upon the eyes. Fine books are never printed now upon clear white paper: creamy, bluish, and pinkish tints are preferred. In the schoolrooms we find the strong-white walls, belted with a gloomy surface of dead black, each painful to the eye, and worse by contrast; even the furniture is red; the only neutral and easy color is that of the floor. How different is that from the soothing colors out-doors, where there are gentle greens, cool browns, and everything tempered with variety! There are high colors only in flowers, or in man's barbaric red and white houses.

School-room walls should be tinted with a pinkish, greenish, or bluish tinge; and the black-boards should be green, brownish, or drab in color. It is a mistake to think that the board must be black to make the chalk-mark distinct: a careful trial will prove to any one that, within the bounds of a school-room, a green or brown board shows as plainly as a black one. The relief and comfort to the eye may seem slight; but it amounts to a great deal, taking day after day. Try these tints and save the children from aching eyes, weak sight, glasses, premature old age, and blindness, by this and all other means in your power.

SAMUEL WILLARD, M. D.,
Chicago High School.

—*In N. E. Educational Journal.*

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THERE IS JOY among the angels over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance. And apparently there is joy among evil men over one good man who falls more than over ninety and nine bad men from whom no good was expected. We understand why this is so. But why should people and newspapers interested in the public good give more time to the one or two men who bring scandal into the Church than to the ten times nine hundred and ninety-nine who are faithful to their vows?—*Christian at Work.*

ST GEORGE
REFORM CLUB

## Temperance Department.

### TEETOTALISM IN THE HOSPITAL.

If we are to believe the fifth annual report of the London Temperance Hospital, epitomized by Mr. Dawson Burns at a crowded meeting held last week in the library of the Farringdon street Memorial Hall, it has been abundantly demonstrated that alcohol is utterly unnecessary in the treatment of disease; or, as the report puts it, that the non-alcoholic principle of treatment is as scientifically sound as it is morally safe. In the in-patients' department, since the institution was opened, four years and a-half ago, the experiment has been tried in the case of 585 patients, while the outdoor patients during the same period have numbered as many as 5,478. Of the in-patients for the year, 70 were males, and 60 females; 85 had been abstainers, and 45 non-abstainers; 99 had resided in the metropolitan districts, and 31 in the country. The medical and surgical cases of a severe and serious type had been quite equal to the average proportion in other hospitals, and such as, according to traditional usage, would have been treated with a liberal supply of alcoholic liquors; and, so far from that being a disadvantage the visiting physicians consider it quite the reverse. In all other respects the report was satisfactory. Up to the 30th of April the total contributions to the Sustentation and Building Fund amounted to £17,387. The domestic and medical arrangements of the hospital had been all that could have been wished, but the want was, as is always the case with such institutions, that of money. As it is, however, the committee, or rather Board, are preparing to build, and look forward with joy to the speedy laying of the foundation-stone of the new premises on the site of ground already secured. It is designed to provide at first sufficient accommodation for 50 in-patients, for a large number of out-patients, and for the medical and hospital staffs. When the design is completed the hospital will provide accommodation for 100 in-patients, and will consist of three blocks with a connecting corridor. It is hoped that the first part of the hospital may be finished before the next anniversary meeting.

Thus much for the report, to hear which I imagine but few of the ladies and gentlemen present had come. Eminent men were down on the list of speakers, and they were the attraction. In the chair was Lord Aberdare, a statesman who had been the first to seek to get legislative action on the subject of intemperance. One of his earliest acts in the House of Commons was to support the Sale of Beer Bill in the House of Commons—the object of which was to deprive the publican of the right to recover a debt under twenty shillings for beer consumed on the premises; and his latest was to advocate the Intoxicating Liquors Licensing Bill in 1872. Naturally, then, his lordship was pre-disposed to sympathize with the object of the meeting. At the same time, he remarked that he had seen so many changes of opinion on the part of medical men that he was cautious in adopting the latest utterances from such authorities. He admitted, however, the interesting character of the experiment that was being tried, and spoke hopefully as to the future. His lordship was emphatic in his condemnation of the man who persists in moderate drinking when he knows it to be injurious, as committing a sin against himself and against God. Cardinal Manning, who came next, made as usual a marvellous speech. First, he was complimentary, and praised Lord Aberdare for his action in the House of Commons. Then the Cardinal regretted the absence of Sir W. Lawson, than whom no man had done more, and who had a rare gift of natural and unaffected speech. He was also, he told us, a man of unshrinking courage, and had a power of humor entirely without a sting. Addressing himself to the subject, the Cardinal maintained that medical men owed a debt to society, inasmuch as they had done mischief by recommending alcoholic drink, and the evil thus created had reached some of the most refined ladies in the upper ranks of society. Alcohol, said the Cardinal, quoting Dr. Richardson, was not food, nor did it give strength. It set up a fresh condition of the body, and that was disease. The advantage resulting from the establishment of the Temperance Hospital was that it showed the non-necessity of alcohol as a drug. But, continued the Cardinal, taking a hint from Lord Aberdare, who had spoken of the need of more coffee public-houses for the workingmen, something more was required, and that was pure water and decent dwellings. It was a scandal and a shame that London could not do what Manchester had done at a cost of two millions—that is, provide a supply of pure water for all its inhabitants. Several medical men spoke in the course of the evening. Dr. Edmonds said how, in typhus fever, he had found the cold ice-cap far safer and more certain than alcohol, the usual remedy in such cases. Another medical man who made a telling speech was Dr. Kerr, who, in addition to his private practice, had a public one, with from 3,000 to 4,000 cases under his care, and had not prescribed a drop of alcohol for three years. The stimulating treatment of disease was quite a modern innovation. He had done without it, and, to put it mildly, he owned he had not killed more than his brother practitioners who had used alcohol. His objections to its use were threefold. 1. If you send a patient to a publican or wine merchant, you never know the strength of the mixture. 2. Alcohol was a deceptive medicine. For instance, you give a cholera patient brandy; it makes him appear better, and disguises his real state; and lastly, he observed, medical prescriptions may, and do sometimes, lead to habitual intemperance. Alcohol, said the Doctor, was the most dangerous enemy they had, and should be kept in the chest beside antimony, aconite, and arsenic. In the course of the evening we had financial appeals from Messrs. Cash and Hughes. Mr. G. Livesey made an old-fashioned temperance speech, with a reference to the pioneers of Preston, an allusion which, at a temperance meeting, always "fetches" them, as Artemus Ward would say. One of the last speakers was Dr. Lee, who intimated they could do better when they had to work on a larger scale.—*London Christian World.*

### AN INTERESTING CASE.

The following is taken from the *Congregationalist*, written by Rev. J. B. Laird, of Andover:

The present phase of temperance reform has occasioned a harmful division among its friends.

There are those who inconsiderately assert that conversion to Christ is the only means by which a drunkard is really reformed; and there is a still more harmful impression made, that any drunkard may, if he carries his case to God, have the appetite taken away at once.

Facts are against the first view. Drunkards do come to be sober men under other motives than love to God and his cause. And yet, while the friends of temperance and religion, too, freely admit this, they may, in the light of recent facts, claim that the safest and surest and most permanent cure of drunkenness is in the experience of love for, and devotion to, Christ and his service.

As to the impression made that any man with the vicious appetite may, by prayer to God, have it suddenly taken away, we may apply to it two principles. First: we may expect that God will deal with temptation to drink, ordinarily, as he does with other temptations of those who become Christians. Second: He will save to the uttermost all who come to him for salvation.

If, as is possibly the case sometimes, a man has fallen so low that he has no power to resist his appetite, so deadened in his sensibilities, so weak, so blinded, that his case is otherwise hopeless, we may still expect that God will save such a man, if he comes to ask it, by taking away his appetite for strong drink.

He may have reasons for suddenly taking away the appetite of others not sunken so low; but both promise and experience forbid our expecting any uniformity except that he will save all in some way.

Hoping to make no false impression, I have, after much hesitation, consented to make public a particular case. There united with the South Church in Andover, at our last communion, a man who had been considered a hopeless drunkard for many years. He began to drink when not more than ten years of age, and continued to do so until about nine months ago, and he is now near sixty.

For years past he has seemed to be hopelessly under the power of his appetite, and as wretched and debased as he well could be. His little home, which might have been one of peace and comfort, was a place of desolation and poverty. Not long before his reformation his wife and children forsook the house, and left him to take care of himself.

Taking in a drinking companion and his wife to live with him, he spent the greater part of the time in a state of intoxication. One morning, while at the home of a neighbor, a lady who had prayed often for him and had spoken to him frequently, handed him a Boston paper with one of Moody's sermons on the reformation of drunkards in it. He took the paper to please her, saying nothing would help him, and throwing it aside when he got home without the expectation of looking at it.

After a few days of drunkenness, upon sobering off, he noticed the pin with which the lady had marked the portion she wished him to read, and carelessly began to look over it. He was attracted on until he had read the whole sermon, and in the course of the day read it several times. The thought came to him that he might possibly be delivered from his incontrollable desire to drink, and he began to pray, naming only that in his petition. He went to a neighbor who was in the habit of drinking, and they two walked two miles to the village, and asked for the pledge of the Reform Club, in order that they might sign it. For some days he continued to repeat his prayer that the desire might be taken away, with the wavering hope that God would hear him. More than nine months have now passed, and he has not only touched no intoxicating drink, but has never felt any desire for it, and, as he says, he seems far removed from any possibility that he will ever be under the power of it again.

A few days after the beginning of his reformation, he was visited by the acting pastor of the church and one of the members. After a season of prayer, he said that he wished he could overcome his tendency to swear as easily as he did his desire to drink. They suggested that the Lord would help him in that also. At his request, they united in asking this of God. Scarcely realizing that he was delivered, he rode some ten or twelve miles the next day, with a neighbor who knew him to be one of the most profane men in all the region. The neighbor was greatly surprised during the whole day not to hear a single oath; and no one, I think, has heard him utter a word of profaneness since.

It was some time after this that he began to hope God would forgive all the sins of his past life, and accept him as a disciple of his. His family came back to him. His wife seemed to renew her youth, her eyes full of irrepressible joy. He burned his pack of cards and took the Bible, and saying, "This is my pack of cards," set up his family altar and began a life of sober industry. Though more than two miles away, he has hired a wagon and brought his family to meeting, and has attended the Sunday-school ever since he began his new life. An extra prayer-meeting has also been held for months past in his neighborhood, and several others, victims of intemperance, have begun a new life; and the conviction that the Lord has "done great things for him" has deepened religious feeling in all the region about.

### STRENGTH WASTED.

Dr. B. W. Richardson, in a lecture delivered in Aberdeen on "The Scientific and Social Aspects of the Temperance Question," says:—

"Even the moderate drinker with his two ounces a day wastes a strength capable of lifting seven tons for one foot; and when this is multiplied then the work of the heart becomes so embarrassing that the wonder is that it goes on so long as it does. The physiological action of alcohol—even on persons no one would call drinkers—is to produce irregular temperature, want of power, extreme irregularities in the supply of the blood, and therefore in the nutrition of the blood. That was the conclusion he had come to from his own research in regard to the first stage, and he would go no further than that, because no person can wisely take stimulants to carry beyond that stage. He had come to the conclusion that in a little time this first stage leads to a complete change in the structure of the blood vessels, that the vessels at the extreme surface become much weaker than ordinary, that digestion is interfered with very materially, temperature of the body is never steadily maintained during the twenty-four hours, that there is a constant sense of exhaustion on the part of persons subjected to its influence, irregularities of nervous action, something unsound in the head, and something showing that the nervous organism is not in perfect order. He then spoke of the craving which drink begets for itself. It seems to create an alcoholic organism, and indeed with perfect candor it may be said that there are thousands and thousands of people who have got into this organism, and who live in that condition. He would have each of them ask this question—Is it wise that I, as an individual man, should in the slightest degree subject myself to this daily physiological process of raising the circulation of my blood for no purpose at all, and letting it go down again, and run the risk of exciting an appetite such as I see others around me possess? To such a question the answer of a thinking man would be that there is no object in it—that the whole process is entirely objectless and dangerous, dangerous to themselves and dangerous as an example to others. It was said that if we take away these pleasures and these excitements, we take away so much from social life and entertainment and happiness; but it did no such thing. Ideal hospitality was a strong feeling in the human breast, and perhaps one of the most beautiful of human expressions when exercised in a rational way, but our hospitality had by mere custom merged into the presentation of that which was injurious. It was a painful anomaly in our houses that an article so detrimental in its effects on the human body as alcohol should be given as the token of hospitable and friendly feeling."

### NONE SO BLIND AS THOSE WHO WON'T SEE.

Dr. Marshall Lang, of Glasgow, says of the temperance cause:

I think the first movement in this great cause is just the opening of a man's eyes. There is what is called in the book of the Hebrew prophet a hearing without understanding, and seeing without perceiving, because of a certain fattiness of heart, which prevents a man realizing the truth that is all around him. It is frequently so with regard to this sore and sad object of intemperance.—I will illustrate this remark by a case. I was in a house the other day of a friend of mine in the country, waiting the summons to dinner. One of the party came in and told us that he had witnessed a very terrible little domestic tragedy. It was this: he had seen a mother rush from a cottage that was near at hand pursued by a son with an open knife. She had found shelter in a neighboring house, and with difficulty the young man had been seized and put under restraint. It was owing to that one dread Nemesis of intemperance, what we call delirium tremens. Well, we heard the story, and in the middle of all the details the dinner bell sounded and we went downstairs, and the decanters were handed round, although, I add, the wine was very sparingly taken. But still it was taken. Now, it did not seem to occur to many of those kind-hearted excellent people who were there that there was a shadow against that table. It did not seem to occur to them, what if this young man, of whom we had heard that he had been a Sabbath-school teacher, and had given promise of great usefulness, had learned at his father's table or other tables, through the influence of the social customs of the land, the use of that which had proved his ruin? What if other youths, through the same social customs, were being led on in the same dread course, and if, too, unawares, through the indulgence of Christian people, however moderate, there was an acceleration of such catastrophes? I am not accusing them, but I felt that day as Charles Kingsley felt when, having dismissed a worthless tramp and returned to his breakfast table, he got sight of the retreating form in its rags and misery. He put down his knife and fork and said that he could not breakfast, because that dismal spectacle had taken away his appetite. I felt on that occasion as if there was a scunner, to use a Scotch word, in my mind to that mocker wine. I felt, God forbid that I should mix my pleasure or indulgence with that which is the sorrow and ruin of my brethren.

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One of the most important recent contributions to the literature of the temperance question, in its scientific aspect, is a paper by Dr. Willard Parker, upon "The Hereditary Influence of Alcohol," published, as revised by the distinguished author, by the National Temperance Society. In this paper it is affirmed that the hereditary influence of alcohol is not confined to the propagation of drunkards; that it produces insanity, idiocy, epilepsy, and other affections of the brain and nervous system, not only in the transgressor himself but in his children. Dr. Howe is mentioned as attributing one-half the cases of idiocy in the State of Massachusetts to intemperance, and he is sustained in his opinion by the most reliable authorities. One family is instanced with seven idiot children, both of whose parents were drunkards. It is claimed that one-half of the idiots of England are of drunken parentage, and that the same is true of Sweden, and probably of most European countries; that in St. Petersburg most of the idiots come from drunken parents. We see it elsewhere stated that whereas prior to 1843 the United States did not have a single idiot asylum, there are now eleven, with fifteen hundred inmates. This is an awful indictment against alcohol, one which alone should suffice to cause it to be put under the ban of law, and to be ostracized by society everywhere.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

"I AM PREPARED to say to young men, especially, that wherever this taking of drink comes to be an appetite, where it is taken because the drink is pleasant, there is danger, and after forty years (for I have been fifty years in this house) close and deeply interested observation of the life of young men, I am prepared strongly to urge upon them the adoption of a course to which, twenty-five years ago, I committed myself, and respecting which I have never felt a single atom of regret. On the contrary, I find myself to-day at an advanced period of life in good bodily health—able to do as good a day's work as any I have the pleasure of seeing here to-night—and I have done this upon good honest water."—*S. Morley, M.P., Speech in London, January 14.*

## SANITARY FUNERALS.

In the light of modern medical knowledge and sanitation, it has become a very important study what to do with a body in the three or four days following decease. It is important both because of the new facts that have come to light as to contagion and because of the many methods devised to prevent decay or to counteract its effects by disinfectants. We believe in the most decorous attention to the body, even though the soul has departed. It represents all that manhood and womanhood and sainthood mean. We believe in such care and such tokens of respect as is consistent with the finest sensibility and the most correct sentiment. We are even unwilling on account of any extreme views to advise private funerals in contagious diseases, unless it be made apparent that they are of such a nature that the corpse cannot be insured as an impossible vehicle of contagion.

First of all, every person that dies should have a thorough washing of the whole body. To two quarts of warm water it is best to add one pint of the chlorinated soda of the shops known as Labarroque's Solution. A half pound of chloride of lime stirred in the same quantity of water and allowed to settle, and the water poured or strained off, will do as well. A large wad of cotton or a small bag of sawdust mingled with a pound of chloride of lime is well placed under the hips after washing.

The whole process by which the Jews prepared a body for burial may well be imitated in our modern times. The washing was followed by the application of spices to the corpse in the form of ointment or within the folds of linen. Our recent chemical analyses show these spices as not mere odors, but as disinfectants, in their essential oils having the very same combinations that we use less pleasantly. The bandaging of the body closely and neatly in these spices up to the head, which was covered separately, served to encase the remains, so that coffins were rarely used, and, if used, were open. King Asa lay in a bed of spices; and some of these were often burned, as if the more to protect from unwholesomeness. So much have we to learn of ancient Jewish sanitation that Richardson has made Jewish vitality the subject of two essays; and Ernest Hart, the editor of *The Sanitary Record*, has recently lectured in London on the Jewish code of sanitation.

It is plainly feasible to preserve the body by arsenical or other solutions injected into the blood-vessels, the cost being less than seven dollars. There are physicians who believe that this will yet become so practicable as to do away with the cumbersome ice-box.

The changes which take place in a dead body within three or four days after death are such as diminish any danger from the body itself, and need to be counteracted only as would any other moderate contamination of air.

It is to be remembered, too, that the contagions which attend upon certain diseases are not so apt to be transmitted by a dead body as by the clothes upon it or around it, or by the room which had become infected during the life. If for instance, a child deceased of scarlet fever has undergone proper disinfecting ablution and bandaging for burial, and is conveyed to a church or other building, we do not believe any case of disease contracted therefrom can be authenticated. We are sorry to have to criticise the action of some health boards in insisting upon private funerals in so many diseases. To lose dear ones and to have city boards advise all people to avoid you but increases the sorrow of the loss. It is a time for sympathy, which cannot be expressed by distance. If it can be shown that there is danger, then surely we bow to the exigency. But if not, we insist, harm is done by too sweeping ordinances. Let us rather mark well the lines of safety. With sanitation of the body within reach and indicated by the laws of a right cleanliness, let it be known that the danger is not in the body that is dead, but in unaired or non-disinfected rooms, garments, and surroundings. More good comes to society by such facts than by interdicting attendance. In contagious diseases children may not be exposed to the room; but there is no danger in the properly preserved body.

Other unsanitary things suggest themselves. In the country, especially, funerals are sometimes made a tax on the sensibilities and the health. Not long since we saw a mother led up to the coffin of her only babe, to sob and suffer over the last look, until the nervous tension was beyond endurance. A friend, the pastor, was placed in March on a middle step of the stairs to preach a sermon to a crowd, and had a funnel draught. Delicate before, he is now unable to preach at all. A school friend, now only forty, has a droop of one eye from a cold he caught while preaching in a doorway at a funeral. The long, slow country procession, the standing at the grave, a plaintive hymn sung by delicate ladies, uncovered heads at too long a service—these will do on some days and in some climates and for some people; but a special Providence does not generally protect us at funerals from the usual sequence of the laws of Nature. These go on, and therefore we think we have noticed some increase of *pneumonia*. We like to help sick people; but rejoice the more in keeping the rest well. So please think over the subject of sanitary funerals.—*N. Y. Independent.*

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Value of Men.—Dr. Farr has an interesting chapter on the pecuniary value of life. A certain amount of expense has to be incurred in any class before a child can attain such an age and such strength that it can earn its own livelihood. It is very difficult to estimate what the expenses of even a careful man who passes through the ordinary University career must have been before he is able to earn anything for himself. Among the lower ranks the problem is simpler, though the facts and the general course of events have, making due allowance for difference in station, a considerable similarity. 'The value of any class of lives is determined by valuing first at birth, or at any age, the cost of future maintenance; and then the value of the future earnings. Thus proceeding, I found the value of a Norfolk agricultural laborer to be £246 at the age of twenty-five; the child is by this method worth only £6 at birth, £56 at the age of five, £117 at the age of ten; the youth £192 at the age of fifteen; the young man £234 at the age of twenty; the man £246 at the age of twenty-five: £241 at the age of thirty, when the value goes on declining to £136 at the age of fifty-five: and only £1 at the age of seventy; the cost of maintainance afterwards exceeding the earnings, the value becomes negative: at 80 the cost of maintenance exceeds the value of the earnings by £41.'—*Supplement to the Thirty-fifth Annual Report of the Registrar-General*, p. xlii. A computation of this kind places the value of a population before us in a new light. We see how great the vigor of the productive activity of the inhabitants of these islands must have been which has enabled the British Empire to make such vast strides in material wealth during the last forty years, while parting with so many of the youngest and ablest of the community to colonise other lands, and to carry to them that wealth which their labor would otherwise have been worth to the mother country.—*London Quarterly.*

Poison Plants.—"An Old Subscriber" wishes to know how to distinguish the poisonous species of dogwood, ivy, etc., and the remedy for their effects. Since we suffered from it, climbing over stone-walls in Western Massachusetts, we have never come near the ivy, and the same wholesome fear kept us at a safe distance from the dogwood when passing it in a swamp in Windham Co., Ct. We remember it had a sallow, greenish hateful, uncanny look, as much as to say, "I'll hurt you if I get the chance." We did'n't care to study it closely. However, a botanical and a medical friend have helped us out. The rhus, or sumach family appears to furnish most of the poison plant. R. *radicans*, is the "poison ivy," a creeping vine with smooth-pointed leaves growing in threes. R. *toxicodendron*, or 'poison oak," is the most common poison shrub, growing three feet high usually, sometimes six to seven, with light-grayish wood and leaves, deeply indented and downy underneath. R. *vernix*, "poison elder," or 'poison dogwood," a small tree, ten to fifteen feet high, with dark-green trunk and light-green branches tipped with red, is the most poisonous of all, and is found mostly near the sea-coast. These plants exude a milky juice which blackens on exposure and has a penetrating, nauseous odor. Their flowers are of a greenish-white and appear in June and July. I find the botanical authorities a little mixed in their classification of "poison plants," but the foregoing may be allowed to pass. The poisonous qualities affect persons differently. Some are sensitive even to the odor of the shrubs; others can handl them without injury. There is no remedy for cases of poisoning; they must run their courses like other cutaneous inflammations. The irritation can be allayed by an application of sweet spirits of nitri, or some alkaline preparation.—*Christian Union.*

How to Exercise.—The Duke of Wellington said that the battle of Waterloo was won on the play-grounds of England. It was here that the thews and sinews were developed by means of athletic sports, such as foot-ball and cricket, that made the English army invincible. Exercise, to be in the highest degree beneficial, should not be performed mechanically as a necessary duty. It should partake as much as possible of the nature of sport. The more merriment combined with it the better. "Laugh and grow fat" is an aphorism which expresses a physiological truth. Laughing sociables would hardly take the place of gymnasia; but, if we could have a gymnasium whose exercise provoked laughter, it would be a great improvement on the solemn institutions which now exist. Walking, when done rapidly, is excellent exercise; but extremely dull unless there be companionship and an object. Combine the study of botany or geology, and have a jolly companion, and a brisk walk, repeated every day, answers every purpose. Boating, fencing, and many other kinds of exercise might be mentioned; but our limits will allow us to speak only of equestrian exercise. Confucius says that the gods do not count, in determining the length of a person's life, the days spent in the chase. Horseback-riding has this very decided advantage, that it affords a good deal of very enjoyable exercise with very little effort. Many people are unable, for want of strength, to obtain by walking or in the gymnasium the exercise which they require. This kind of exercise is peculiarly adapted to people who are inclined to pulmonary weakness. The erect position, the exhilaration of spirits, the deep inspirations which attend it, make this one of the most useful, while it certainly is one of the most enjoyable of exercises.—*N. Y. Independent.*

It has been said frequently that the people of the present stirring times live so *fast*, work so hard, and carry such great responsibilities, that they are not so long lived as their ancestors were. Proof to the contrary is accumulating rapidly. The Registrars of Scotland report that centenarianism is not uncommon there. The Registrar of Savoch reports the death, in December last, of a man 102 years and 10 months old. Of 13 deaths recorded at Barry, ten ranged from 60 to 100 years of age; in Banf the ages of ten who died in the last quarter of the year ranged from 70 to 105 years. The number of those reaching 90 years is larger. The only death registered during the quarter at Dunino was that of a woman who was close upon 98 years: one of the four who died at Auchterhouse was a woman of 97 years; of ten deaths registered at Gairloch, four ranged from 68 to 78 years, two had reached 80 and 87 years respectively, one was aged 94 and another 97 years: of 31 deaths recorded at Tarves in 1877, two were of persons between 60 and 70 years of age, eight between 70 and 80, five between 80 and 90, and one above 90 years.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Sanitary Ventilation.—Prof. Joseph Rhodes Buchanan, in discussing ventilation before the New York Eclectic Medical Statistical Society, a few evenings since, said that no mechanical contrivance of traps and catch-basins can protect a house from sewer-gas. The drafts in the rooms, up the chimneys, must draw from the closets and bath-rooms a certain amount of *poisonous gas*. The remedy lies in the turning of the draft from the house into the sewer. A chimney could be built over the sewer at some convenient point; a fire could be kept burning in it. Thus the drafts would be from the house into the sewer, thence through the chimney all the poison would be carried away. The Professor suggested the placing of tubes, connected with a heated duct, near the heads of students, in schools, and over the beds of hospital patients, in order to draw away the impure air.—*N. Y. Observer.*

The *European Mail* says: "There can be no doubt that any quantity of disease-carrying particles may, and very often do, lurk between the leaves of books, newspapers, etc., which are read by fever patients. Magazines, newspapers, cheap paper-bound novels, and the books of the Bible, in the form of separate pamphlets, are suitable works for fever patients; but any book of so costly a nature as to cause a pang at burning it, must be regarded as rather dangerous in a fever ward."

The virus or transmissible principle of scarlet fever is destroyed when subjected to a temperature of 203° F. for two hours. A French physician, who has been experimenting on the subject, took the underclothing worn by four children while sick with the scarlet fever, and after heating them, as stated, caused four of his own children to wear them for several days. None of the children contracted the disease.

The impurities that make water injurious to health are organic matters, such as are abundantly supplied by barnyards, drains and cemeteries, where the decay of animal and vegetable substance is going on. Some families who live on farms, and who fancy they are drinking the best of water, are, in fact constantly imbibing poison that will appear, perhaps, in the dreaded form of diptheria or typhoid fever.—*Scientific American.*

An interesting paper was read at a recent meeting of the Royal Society on "Experimental Researches on the Temperature of the Head," in which the writer, Dr. Lombard, showed that mental activity will at once raise the temperature of the head, and that merely to excite the attention has the same effect in a less degree.

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## DOMESTIC.

Rose Leaves.—These are nice to put in cake. Gather as many as wished, chop fine, mix in a little white sugar, spread on plates to dry. When perfectly dry, pack in cans and keep air-tight.

Substitute for Caper Sauce.—Half a pint of melted butter, two tablespoonfuls of cut parsley, half a teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of vinegar. Boil the parsley slowly to let it become a good color; cut, but do not chop it fine. Add to it a half-pint of smoothly made melted butter, with salt and vinegar in the above proportions. Let it simmer two minutes, and then serve.—*Western Rural.*

Corn Beef Soup.—When the liquor in which the beef and vegetables were boiled is cold remove all the grease that has risen and hardened on top, and add tomatoes and tomato ketchup and boil half an hour—thus making an excellent tomato soup; or add to it rice, or sage, or pearl barley, or turn it into a vegetable soup by boiling in the liquor any vegetables that are fancied. Several varieties of soup may have this "stock" for a basis, and be agreeable and nutritious.

Spinach.—Pick and wash quite clean a quantity of spinach. Put it in a saucepan with salt to taste, but no water, and, when quite done, squeeze all the moisture out of it, and pass it through a hair sieve. Dilute the pulp thus obtained slightly with well-flavored stock, make it boiling hot, add a dash of pepper, and at the time of serving put a pat of fresh butter in the dish. By adding more stock, this makes an excellent spinach soup.

Rhubarb and Apple Jelly.—Wipe, peel, and cut up a bundle of rhubarb, peel core, and quarter three pounds of apples; take the thin rind of half a dozen lemons, and put them into a preserving pan with one and a half pints or two quarts of filtered water and the juice of the lemons. Boil until reduced to a pulp. Strain the juice through a napkin, pressing the fruit well. Weigh the juice, and allow one pound of *loaf sugar* to every pound of juice. Boil up the juice, add the sugar, boil, skim well, and when it jellies on the skimmer pour into pots, and tie down when cold.

Fruit Pudding (cold).—Put a layer of any kind of fruit (previously stewed with sugar, and allowed to get cold) or jam into a deep glass dish, mix three tablespoonfuls of cornflour with a gill of milk, boil one pint of milk with the thin rind of a lemon, and with sugar to taste; when well flavored with the lemon, pour the boiling milk through a strainer on to the cornflour, stir and return it to a saucepan; boil five minutes, or until it thickens, and when cool enough not to break the glass pour on the fruit, and leave it to get quite cold and set. Ornament according to fancy with jam, preserved fruit, or angelica.

Green Pea Soup.—One peck of green peas four tablespoonfuls of lard, heated in the kettle; put in the peas and stir them until perfectly green; add pepper and salt, and pour in as much water as you want soup; boil three-quarters, then add one teacupful of milk, thickened with one tablespoonful of flour; put into the soup two or three young onions, cut fine and fried a light brown in butter. Just as you take it up, add yolks of two eggs beaten in a little cream.

Hints on Watering Plants.—Plants set against walls and piazzas frequently suffer for want of water at this season, even when ground near them is quite wet. Draw away the soil around each plant so as to form a basin. Fill it with a bucketful of water, allowing it time to sink gradually away, and when the surface has dried a little draw in loosely the soil over it, and it will do without water for some weeks. This applies to all plants wanting water through the season. If water is merely poured on the surface, it is made more compact by the weight of water, and the harder the soil becomes the easier it dries; and the result is the more water you give the more is wanted. A well-known horticultural editor says the objection against watering when the sun shines on the plants is a purely theoretical one, and appears only in the writings of those who have had but little actual experience. Nevertheless, the evening is the proper time for watering, when the best results in the conservation of moisture are expected. Actual experience has taught that plants wilting from the effect of heat should be shaded, as well as watered. Experience has also taught that superficial waterings do little good. The water given should reach the roots of the plants. The great objection to watering under a hot sun is that the exhalation is so strong that much of the water given is quickly evaporated.

## FAYETTE'S RIDE.

BY CLARA F. GUERNSEY

(*Continued*)

"O, Fayette!" cried Sue, helplessly; but she made no further objection, and Mrs. Ford had not heard the hurried consultation.

Fayette would give herself no time to think. She was a nervous little thing, and she dreaded the long ride through the windy night more than she had ever feared anything in her life.

She was not a very daring rider, though at the little frontier post where she had passed two years with her parents, her father had taught her to manage a horse with a reasonable skill, and she had ridden many a mile with him over the prairie.

"O, if father were here now!" she said, a sob suddenly rising.

Then she was doubtful about her own power to manage Phœbe, the great chestnut mare, the pride of her uncle's heart, strong, swift, spirited creature that she was.

For two years Phœbe had borne away the prize at state nd county fairs and the horse-racing world had tempted her owner in vain. Fayette had mounted her more than once, ridden round the yard, and up and down the road, but always with some secret fears. She had never dared even to try a canter; and now, to mount at "mirk midnight," and go as fast as might be, off into the darkness alone on Phœbe's back, seemed an awful thing to poor Fayette.

She knew that the mare was gentle, and she had often petted her, and led her to water. She did not much doubt but that Phœbe would submit to be saddled and bridled by her hand, but still it was with many a misgiving that she put on her hat and jacket. She did not take time to find her habit, and, lighting the lantern, went out to the barn.

Phœbe was not lying down. Disturbed, perhaps, by the loud-blowing wind, she was wide awake; and as Fayette entered with the light, she turned her head with a low whinny, as though glad to see a friend.

Fayette went into the stall in fear and trembling; but she loosened the halter, and led Phœbe out unresisting.

The mare was so tall, and Fayette so short, that she was obliged to stand up on a box to slip on the bridle; to which Phœbe submitted, turning her soft, intelligent eyes on the girl with mild, wondering enquiry. The saddle was harder to manage, but Fayette strained at the girth till her wrists ached, and hoped all was right.

Some faint encouragement came to her, as she saw how gently the mare behaved. "O, Phœbe, darling," said Fayette, —"you will be good—I know you will. You are the only one that can help us now."

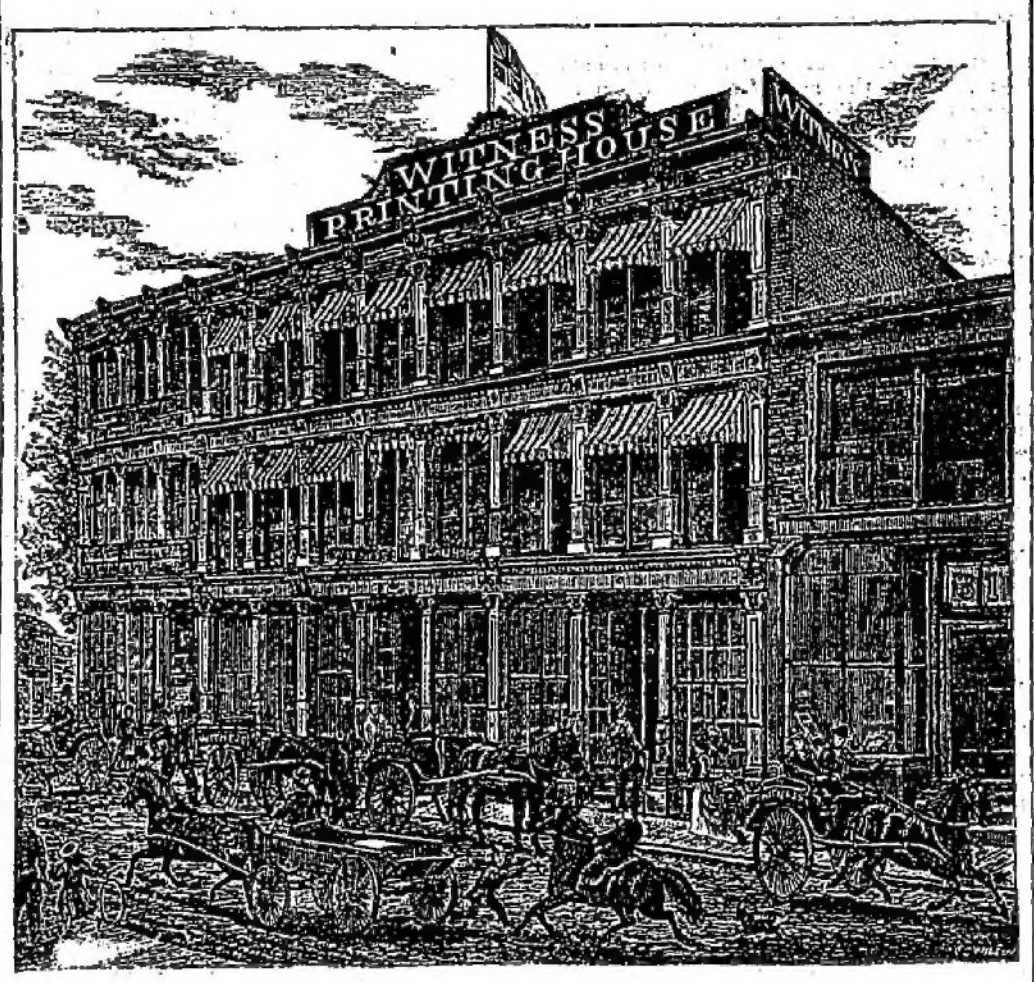
Petted Phœbe, used to caresses as a house cat, rubbed her dainty head on Fayette's shoulder as if to reassure her.

Poor Fayette put up one brief, wordless prayer for help and courage, and then she led Phœbe out of the stable, mounted her by the aid of the horse-block, and rode away into the night.

Sue, watching forlorn, heard the mare's hoofs beating fainter down the road; and relieved that at least Fayette had got off without accident, listened till the last sound died away on the wind.

### CHAPTER II.

It was a wild March night. The wind blew loud and cold, though there was in the air a faint breath of Spring, and the brooks were coming down with fuller currents every hour to swell the Susquehanna. There had been heavy rains for the last few days, and the roads were deeply gullied, and somewhat dangerous by night.




THE PLACE WHERE THE "MESSENGER IS PRINTED.

The wild, white moon, nearly at the full, was plunging swiftly through heavy masses of grey cloud, that at times quite obscured her light, and the solid shapes of hill and wood, and the sweeping, changing shadows were so mingled that it was hard to distinguish what was real earth and what was but the effect of cloud and wind-blown moonshine. All the twilight world seemed sound and motion.

Phœbe, as well as her rider, perhaps, felt some of the influences of the time; for she snorted and turned her head homeward, as if minded to return to her warm stable; but she gave way to Fayette's voice and hand, and striking into a steady pace, picked her way down the steep and deeply-furrowed road as soberly as an old cart-horse.

The Ford farm-house lay half way up the side of a high hill, and the farm extended into the valley below in pasture and meadow land. Here for a space, was a hard gravel road; and Fayette, yielding to the spur of the moment, let Phœbe canter, which she was only too willing to do, and was relieved to find how easily she kept her seat, and how gentle was the motion.

In a few minutes the bounds of the farm were passed, and Fayette's heart sank low as they drew near the roaring, sounding wood through which the road lay. The trees stood up like a black wall, with one blacker archway, into which the path ran, and was lost in the darkness beyond.

People who have never been allowed to hear the word "ghost," who know nothing o popular superstitions, who are strangers to ballad-lore and to Walter Scott, will, nevertheless, be often awed and sometimes panic-struck by night, and darkness, and wind, and that power of the unseen which laughs Mr. Gradgrind himself to scorn.

Fayette, however, had not been properly brought up, according to Mr. Gradgrind's system. She had read all sorts of wild tales, and listened to them from the lips of a Scotch nurse. She knew many a ballad, and many a bit of folk-lore, and old paganism,—pleasant enough puppets for imagination to play with under the sunshine, but which now rose up in a grim life-likeness quite too real.

The owls began to call from the shadows, and once and again came a long, wild scream, which, in the darkness and wind, had an awful sound.

Fayette knew perfectly well that it was only a loon calling, but for all that it frightened her. There came over her that horrible feeling which most people have experienced once in their lives at least—the sense that some unseen pursuer is coming up behind. In a sudden spasm of terror, she very nearly gave way to the impulse that urged her to rush blindly on anywhere to escape the dread follower. Nerves and imagination were running wild; but Fayette, from her earliest years, had been trained to self-control and duty. She checked the panic that urged her to cry and scream for help. She used her reason, and forced herself to look back and assure her senses that, so far as she could see the dim track, she and Phœbe were the only living creatures there.

"I am doing what is right," she said to herself. "God is here as much as in my room at home. It is folly to fear things that are not real, and as for living beings, not even a wolf could catch me on Phœbe."

Resolutely rousing her will, she grew more used to her situation, and, more able to control her terrors, she sternly refused to give rein to her frightened fancy. She drew a long breath, however, when once the wood was passed, and the road began to climb the opposing hill, behind which, and across the creek, lay Springville.

She thought of William of Deloraine and his ride to Melrose, and smiled at the remembrance of that matter-of-fact hero.

"It's a good thing, Phœbe dear, that you and I have no deadly feud with any one," she said; and then she patted the mare and praised her, and Phœbe quickening her pace, broke into a gallop, and took the hill road with long, sweeping strides that soon brought them to the summit.

Fayette began to enjoy the swift motion, and a sense of independence and safety in Phœbe's gentle compliance with her will; but at the *hill-top* she checked the pace, fearing a stumble down the deeply gullied hill, which was still sending rivulets to the creek. The amiable Phœbe chose to obey, and picked her way, careful both for herself and her rider.

Now rose a new voice on the wind. It was the sound of angry waters, a long roar rising louder from time to time.

"How high the creek must be!" thought Fayette; and as the roar increased, she began to have a sort of fear of the bridge, which she knew must be crossed; but she classed the feeling with her ghostly terrors, and soon found herself drawing near the bridge, the noise of the water almost drowning that of the wind.

As she came to the bank a heavy cloud came over the moon, involving the whole landscape in sudden and dense blackness; and at that instant Phœbe

planted her feet like a rock, and refused to stir an inch.

In vain Fayette coaxed and urged, for she dared not strike, even if she had had a whip. Phœbe was immovable as a horse of bronze; but at last she began to pull at her bridle, as though she meant to turn homeward.

Just then the moon came out, and Fayette, looking eagerly forward, saw, to her horror, that the bridge was gone. A post and a rail only remained, and beyond was a chasm where the furious waters had not even left a wreck behind.

Had Phœbe's senses not been more acute than her own, two steps more would have plunged horse and rider into the flood.

Fayette turned sick, and felt as if she should fall from the saddle. She rallied, however, for she knew she must. Her senses came back in thankfulness to God, and she confessed humbly enough to Phœbe that she had known best; and Phœbe, looking over her shoulder, said, "I told you so," as plainly as a horse could.

Fayette was at a loss. A mile further up the stream was another and much better bridge than the rickety old plank structure that was missing; but to reach it she must turn back and make a long detour, that would nearly double her journey, while every minute lessened the chances of the sufferer at home.

She knew that just below the bridge was a ford easily passable in summer; and she remembered her uncle saying that once, when the bridge was down, he had crossed this ford on horseback. It might be that even now she and Phœbe could make their way across.

A waggon track led down to the water's edge, and Phœbe did not refuse to follow this path to the stream's edge, where Fayette checked her, afraid to face the passage.

Fayette refused to think of the water-kelpie, who just then obtruded himself on her mind. She bent from the saddle and scanned the road

Judging from the traces on the gravel, she thought that a wagon must have passed not many hours before. Her courage rose, and she set her will to the task before her.

"If Phœbe thinks it safe, I'll try it," she said; and as the rein hung loose Phœbe stepped cautiously in. She seemed doubtful at first, but she went on, and the water rose and rose.

The moon cast an uncertain, wavering light on the dancing stream; the roar filled Fayette's ears like a threatening voice; the waves, as they plunged toward her, seemed hands raised to pull her down; and still Phœbe stepped steadily on, and the stream came higher and higher. Fayette drew up her feet as far as she could, and glanced back to the shore, half minded to turn; but it was now as far to one bank as to the other. The water touched her feet; it flowed over them.

To her relief she saw that Phœbe had not lost her wits, but was keeping straight across the creek. She let the mare take her own way, only helping her as far as she could by keeping her head in the way she wished to go. She thought of nothing but the minute's need; and of all the possibilities before her, the only fear that shaped itself in her mind was one for her horse.

It was but a minute, though it seemed an hour to Fayette, before she touched bottom.

The water sank rapidly, and she reached the shore but a little below the usual landing. The bank came down to the stream with a somewhat steep incline: but mountain-bred Phœbe planted her fore feet firmly, scrambled cat-like up the incline; shook the clinging water from hide and mane, and with a joyous whinny, rushed like an arrow on the track.

The way was plain before her, and in a minute or two more Fayette, with some trouble, checked Phœbe's gallop at Dr. Ward's gate. A light was burning over the office door.

Fayette slipped from the sadle, but before she turned to the house, she put her arms round Phœbe's neck, and kissed the white star on her forehead. As she ran up the walk, she felt, for the first time, that she was wet nearly to her knees, and the wind made her shiver.

She rang the bell sharply, and to her relief the door was opened by Dr. Ward himself, who had just come in.

Hurriedly, but clearly, Fayette told her story.

"Yes, I understand," said Dr. Ward. "But, dear me," he added, as the light fell on her more clearly, "where have you been to get so wet?"

"In the water," said Fayette, "The creek is so high, and the bridge is down."

"Child! You did not ride that ford to-night.

"Not all the way, sir. Phœbe swam."

"Phœbe indeed. A pretty pair are you and Phœbe to race round the country at midnight. Go to Mrs. Ward, and get some dry clothes, while my man gets out the gig."

"O, sir, please be quick."

"Yes, yes; only get off those wet things. Let Phœbe stay here till to-morrow, for my old gig can't swim the creek, whatever you and the mare can do We must go by the upper bridge."

Mrs. Ford, called out of bed, supplied Fayette with dry things, and Phœbe was consigned to the doctor's admiring colored man, to be well cared for before she took possession of her bed in the warm stable.

The doctor kept a trotter for emergencies, and in an hour and a half from the time she left home Fayette came back.

Sue came to meet them, white and scared; and as she came, Fayette heard a cry of anguish, which she knew that nothing but the direst extremity could have wrung from her strong, self-controlled aunt.

The doctor took out his ether flask and sponge, and hurried to the bed-side.

Before long the minstering spirit did its good office, the tortured nerves relaxed, and the patient slept.

Fayette put on her wrapper and curled herself up on the sofa, leaving Sue and the doctor watching by the fire.

When she awoke it was broad day-light. All seemed quiet about the house. She stole across the floor and looked into her aunt's room. Mrs. Ford was awake, and held out her hand.

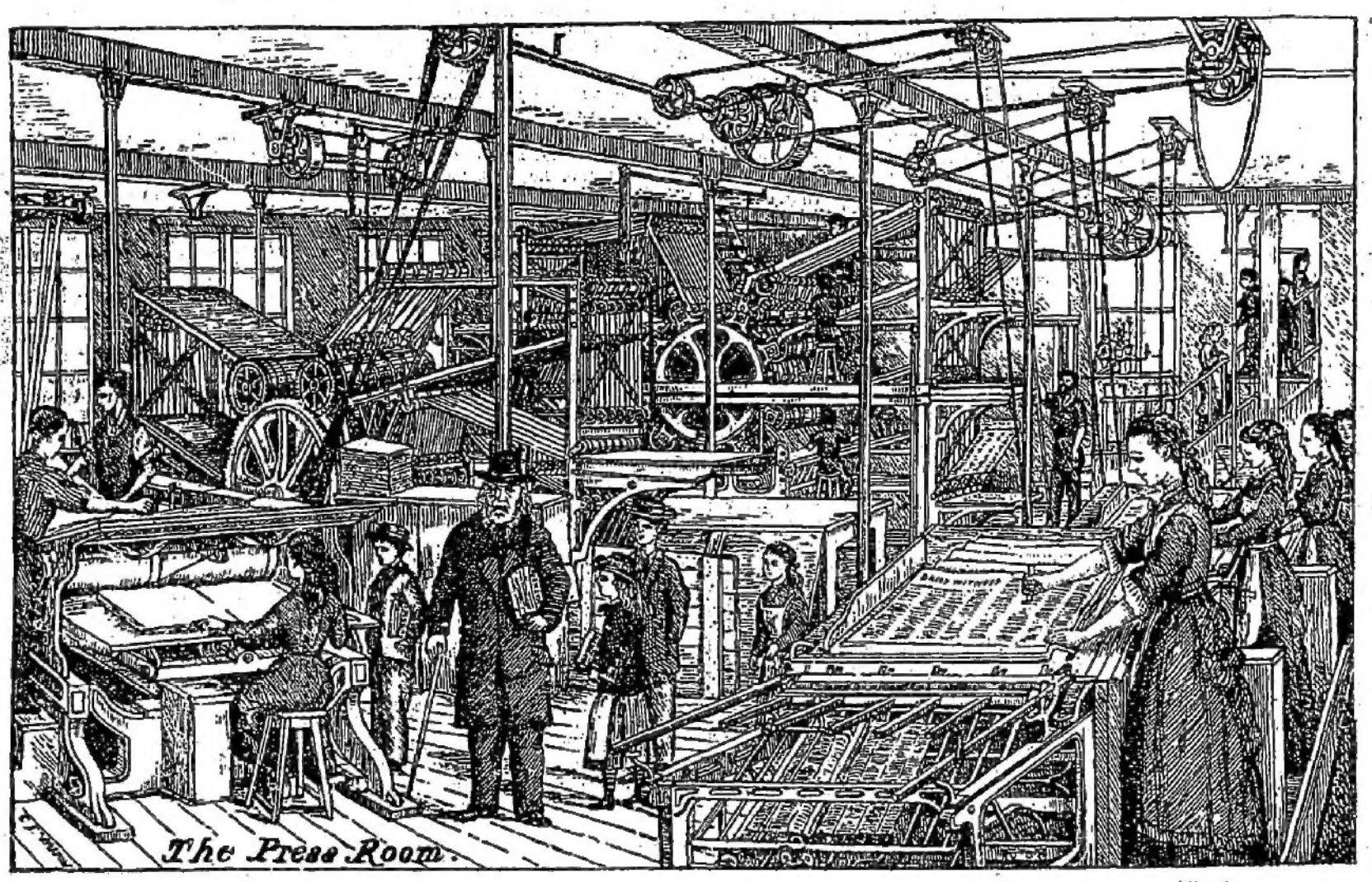
"Is the pain gone, aunt?" asked Fayette, kissing her, and feeling a new love rising in her heart.

"Yes, child; but I am very weak."

"It was ether saved your life, I really think," said Fayette, to whom the past night seemed like a dream.

"No, my dear," said Mrs. Ford —"It was you."—*Wide Awake.*

THE END.



*The Press Room.*

## The Family Circle.

### THE CHILD JESUS.

Jesus! whom thy sad mother sought
And in the temple found, who taught
The aged in thy youth;
How blest are they who keep aright,
Or find, when lost, the living light
Of Thine eternal truth!

—*F. W. Faber.*

O Holy Lord, content to dwell
In a poor home a lowly child,
With meet obedience noting well
Each bidding of thy mother mild.

Lead every child that bears thy name
To walk in thy pure, upright way;
To shun the paths of sin and shame,
And humbly, like thyself, obey.

So shall they, waiting here below,
Like thee, their Lord, a little span,
In wisdom and in stature grow,
And favor, both with God and man.
—*From "Hymns Ancient and Modern."*

To do our "Father's business" here,
In humble reverence and in fear;
Meekly upon His will to wait,
In little things as well as great;
Contented in our lot to rest—
*'Tis thus the Christian serves Him best.*

Whether our path of duty be
In public or in privacy,
To teach or to be taught the truth,
Submit to age or bear with youth,
We must be wisest in the school
*And gentlest under parent's rule.*

Like Christ in all things, we must prove
His life our model, and His love
The only pure, unfailing spring
Of holiness in everything;
The only law by which we o'er
Can do our "Father's business" here.
—(1867) *Rev. John S. B. Monsell, LL. D.*

### CHARLEY BOBBITT'S STORY.

BY ROMELIA L. CLAPP.

I shall be sixteen years old in a few days, and I head the last half of the ten olive plants which surround my father's table.

As the family has increased, my parents, in the struggle to feed and clothe their little flock, have not found the time to bestow upon those of us lower down in the list the excessive training with which they began. Consequently, having been left much to myself, I am a dreamy, thoughtful boy; timid and reserved, yet determined and persevering.

My favorite spot for study is in my father's library, and I love dearly to listen to his discussions on the various topics of the day with the gentlemen who drop in to see him.

My father, I forgot to tell you, is the Rev. Augustus Bobbitt, and he writes his sermons and receives his parishioners in a small room on the first floor of our modest dwelling. It is fitted up with book-cases and writing-tables, and "we children" esteem it the greatest of privileges to be admitted to a place in "father's sanctum."

One bright spring morning, as I lay curled up like a kitten in "father's thinking chair," looking over my lessons before school, I heard Mr. Sylvester Armstrong, one of the trustees of the church, talking with my father about the church debt, and various plans for retrenchment in the expenses, all of which did not particularly interest me, so I proceeded to climb the principal mountains in Europe, and trace the course of its rivers, until I heard my father say as the gentleman prepared to leave, "Business good now, Brother Armstrong?" "Oh yes, pretty good," was the reply. "I made a capital sale yesterday, of some bones sent me by Shogher & Co. I paid two dollars a barrel for them, and sold them without touching them, for three dollars and fifty cents, a clear profit of fifteen hundred dollars."

My father shook hands with him and congratulated him heartily, but I saw a slight shade cloud his smile. This sum was as much as two-thirds of his yearly salary, and yet how hard he had to work for his money!

The thought darted into my mind that here was an opportunity for me to help him, and I was out of my chair in an instant, and standing before Mr. Armstrong I asked him eagerly what kind of bones he meant.

"Why, where did you come from, my little man?" said he, putting his fingers under my chin, and looking down into my face, with a smiling indifferance, which illy accorded with my earnestness. I am afraid it was with quite an impatient tone that I replied, "But, sir, won't you tell me about the bones, and what you do with them?" "Oh yes, Charley," he said, "beef bones, mutton bones, all sorts of bones, both large and small, are sold to manufacturers, who make of them bobbins, buttons, knife-handles, and many other useful articles." "All right," said I. "I will get a barrel full and sell them."

My father and Mr. Armstrong looked at each other and smiled, and then resumed their conversation, while I strapped up my books and started for school, my mind full of the new idea, and revolving my plans as I went along.

As I crossed the Eighth Avenue, I spied a splendid bone lying in the gutter, and I picked it up. It was too large to put it into my pocket, and I had no paper in which to wrap it. As I stood considering what I should do with it, a small, dirty boy stood also watching me. At last he called out, "Hey, old man, what are you going to do with that bone?" I said nothing, but walked on with it in my hand. I was in a sea of perplexity as to what I should do with it. I could not well take it with me, and I was very loth to leave it behind.

My one tormentor had now reinforced himself, and I was followed by four or five boys who shouted at the top of their lungs, "Bones, Bones," which made me unpleasantly conspicuous.

In a fit of vexation I flung my first windfall into their midst, and went on my way, while they disappeared around the corner, tossing their prize from one to another with shouts of glee, which to me seemed almost fiendish.

As soon as I was dismissed from school, I hurried home, looking carefully along the streets, but no bone rewarded my search.

One of my preliminary arrangements was an effort to induce Bridget to be my friend and ally.

My mother is an invalid, and as we can afford to keep but one servant, Bridget has to be maid of all work, and I suppose she does get tired, and it is not strange that she is sometimes cross. She was ironing when I went into the kitchen to secure her co-operation, and the flounces of sister Maria's white dress wouldn't come right. It was no wonder that her brow was ruffled, and her temper too, but I could not relinquish my ambitious projects, because she had her trials, so I began at once, and without diplomacy. "Bridget," I asked, "what do you do with all the bones that come in the meat?" She set the iron down with a crack on the stand, and with her arms akimbo gazed at me in wrath. "Charley Bobbitt," she roared, "git out of me kitchen this blessed minit. Shure your mother bothers me sufficient wid her askin' after the cold mate, widout your comin' down here tormentin' me about the bones," and she brought out the last word with such a contemptuous accent, that I must confess, for a moment my heart failed me. But the thoughts of the money I was going to make reassured me, and I said soothingly, "Biddy, let me tell you something. I want you to save every single bone and give it to me; when I get a good many, I shall sell them and get lots of money, and I shall be a real rich man, and help father and mother, and buy nice clothes for myself, and take Maria, and Minnie, and Katie, and baby Hannah to Europe, and Niagara Falls. Now if you will help me, I'll buy you a nice new dress when I am rich enough."

"Why bless my heart," said Bridget, her anger fading at the brilliant prospect, "I niver can say no, when ye spake like that." So she left her ironing, and went down cellar with me at once, and appropriated me a barrel in one corner; then she went to the refrigerator and cut the bone out of a piece of corned beef. "There," said she, handing it to me, "take that, and good luck to ye."

I think the sound of that solitary bone as it echoed from the bottom of the barrel was as sweet as any that ever fell on my ear. It was the beginning of my fortune, and as I peered over the edge, and saw it lying there in state, I built several castles on the spot, and spent my prospective profits many times over.

My store increased but slowly, and my patience was subjected to many a trial. I never realized before that a barrel could hold so much. But I persevered. In my search, I hung around the markets, and looked surreptitiously into ash-barrels, and when I did find a bone, I had no small trouble to get it home.

You have no idea, unless you have tried it, what awkward things they are to carry. I have often heard people wish for a quiet spot in which to lay their bones, but I doubt if any one ever had a harder time to get them into a reserved place than I had.

Once, when my barrel was about half full, my mother feeling better than usual, had a fit of cleaning up, and going down into the cellar found my secret hoard, which she ordered to be thrown out. But the faithful Biddy directed her attention to something else, and in the sick spell which always followed a day of unusual labor, it was quite forgotten by her

One evening my sister Minnie was playing on the piano, and my brother George accompanied her with a pair of castanets; after listening to the really good performance, I asked George where he bought his castanets. "Oh!" he replied, with a laugh that somehow made me shiver. "I made them myself, out of some old bones I found in the cellar." "Any more there?" said Willie, who had been looking longingly at George's exploits. "Yes indeed," he replied, "a barrel half full," and away flew all the boys, pell-mell to the cellar. This was too much, and I ran after them to protect my property, which only made the boys more determined to help themselves. After a few days, however, they forgot all about it, and my treasure was not further disturbed.

At last the barrel was full, and I began to think of putting my stock in the market.

Arranging for the transportation of my wares and finding a purchaser was a matter not so easy to accomplish as you might think.

I had all along settled it in my own mind that Mr. Armstrong would be glad to buy them of me. He was such a rich man, so devout in the church, and so friendly with my father. I loved to imagine the pleased surprise with which he would greet me, and how he would praise my industry, pay me liberally, and perhaps add a dollar or two by way of encouragement. But, when I enquired for him at his office, he was not in, and while I waited a dreary hour for him, some of the clerks chaffed and joked me as to my business. This was fun for them, but made me miserable indeed. I had a grim sort of pleasure, however, in imagining their mortification when they should witness the cordial greeting which their employer would bestow upon the boy whom they had been treating so ungraciously. At last he came. But he passed me without the slightest notice, and went directly into his private office and shut the door. One of the clerks, kinder than the rest, took my name in to the great man, and I was admitted. Scarcely looking at me, he said, "Well, young man, what do you wish?" While stating my business he was adding up a column of figures, apparently paying no attention to me. When I had finished he said, very shortly, "Bones are not in demand—market over-stocked, deliver here, and I will give you a dollar, but do not care for them at any price." That was all, not a word of encouragement for his pastor's son, and only a dollar! I went out of his presence abashed and disappointed. How strange it all seemed! Mr. Armstrong in his office was so different from the Mr. Armstrong my father knew. I wondered if I had better try other houses, but I concluded not to risk similar discouragements from strangers, but to accept his offer.

Not long after this, I mounted on a seat beside an express-man, with my venture in the waggon behind us, delivered my bones to Mr. Armstrong—received my dollar—paid the express-man twenty-five cents (which was half price for friendship's sake), and went home with seventy-five cents in my pocket, trying to feel rich, but a little weak in the knees when I thought of all my hard work. After all the diligence of those three months, how indistinctly did the star of fortune shine on me! How long, at this rate, before I could take my sisters to Europe? They would be married and gone before I could be rich, and I shed tears of bitter disappointment at my prospects.

I soon, however, rallied my spirits, and looked about for some other money-making employment.

Reading, one day, in a city paper, that "a great many little urchins were collecting large quantities of peach meats and selling them to the druggists," I determined to join their ranks.

Peaches were plenty, and I could pick up my fortune as I went along the streets. True, my mother complained because I bulged out at my pantaloons pockets, that my jacket pockets were all out of shape, and that I littered up the yard when I cracked my peach stones; but one must persevere in spite of difficulties.

After I had collected a pint of peach meats, I put them in a glass jar, and tied a nice white paper over the top. They looked so clean and sound, that I was certain that I could set my own price, and that my customer would urge me to bring more; and it was with a sunshiny smile that I made application to our neighbor druggist on the corner. But he gazed at me stonily over the tops of his glass and said, "No sir, I buy at wholesale, never less than twenty pounds." He never looked so at me before, when I had gone in to buy Brandreth's pills or Bronchial Troches! I walked out without saying another word, and stood a moment on the door step to recover myself, for I was rather stunned at being let down so suddenly.

I tried again and again to dispose of my wares, but with no better success; at last I asked a man in one of the stores, if he knew where I could find a purchaser. Putting his finger by the side of his nose, in an apparently thoughtful attitude, but which I remembered with misgiving all too late, he said quite cheerfully, "Yes I do, there is a druggist at No. 1 Battery Place, who will buy all you take him, and pay you a dollar a hundred for them." I thanked him over and over again, and with a lightened heart, and with feelings of intense gratitude toward this kind, friendly man, I hailed a South Ferry stage without delay. After riding nearly an hour I reached the place, which was not a drug store at all, and it slowly dawned upon me that I was the victim of a mean practical joke. Crestfallen I began my long walk up Broadway, for I had spent my last ten cents for my fare down. I passed several handsome drug stores on the way, but after the faithlessness of that honest-looking up-town pharmacist, I looked upon all with suspicion. Becoming somewhat misty about the eyes, at the obstinacy of fortune, I slipped in crossing a street, and while striving to regain my footing, the jar fell from my hand to the pavement, and, like Almaschar, the barber's fifth brother, I beheld my hopes of making a fortune shivered among the fragments of glass under my feet.

I had lived so long in my airy castle, that I felt dejected now, and homeless, as I walked among the ruins.

My next venture was the collection of defaced postage stamps. "Why, Charley," said Harry Ross to me one day as we walked home from school, "you can get twenty dollars for a million of them." I resolved to commence at once, and get my twenty dollars, and after that I could make money with my money.

"What are you doing, Charley?" said my father to me that afternoon, as I rummaged in his waste paper basket. "I am cutting off the stamps," I replied. "What are you going to do with them?" enquired my brother George, who had been watching me in silence. "I am going to sell them," I replied boldly, "and get twenty dollars for them." "Is that so? well I guess I'll try too," said he, "give me some of those envelopes," but I refused, and we hotly argued the point until my father, who had forgotten us in his pre-occupations waked up as the argument grew warmer to a sense of something unpleasant. "Boys," said he, "if you continue to quarrel, you must leave my study," then he resumed his writing. George said no more, but a look in his eyes made me quake for the future, and truth compels me to say that before night I was soundly punished, but I did not mind it much,—younger brothers have to get used to such things—but I never could get used to sharing my plans and hopes with the rest of the family, and it tried my feelings more than you can imagine, unless you have a shrinking nature, and have been brought up with five boisterous brothers, to have George ask me one evening at the dinner-table how I was getting on with my postage stamps. This of course aroused the curiosity of the family at once, and while I blushed to the roots of my hair, George told them that I was going to collect a million of postage stamps and make my fortune. All eyes turned now in concert on me. I know you will think me extremely silly when I tell you that human eyes have a very strange effect on me. I always seem to see the soul which sits behind them, looking out at me with a ghost-like glance, but the concentrated gaze of the assembled family absolutely vanquishes me, and I quail before the invisible something.

For some time after this, the boys were all postage-stamp-mad. My father often made it appear my duty to share mine with some of the younger ones. So I made progress slowly.

Being careful and exact in my habits, the boys nick-named me the judge, the deacon, often the old maid, but I went steadily on with my work. I made arrangements with several lawyers and business friends of my father's to save me their cast-off envelopes, which I called for afternoons, on my way home from school; and which on Saturdays I would count and tie in packages. Gradually, as my brothers tired of them, I secured their collections, and I must say in justice to them, that at last I was left to pursue in peace my absurd enterprise.

But the end was nearer than I thought. One afternoon as I came up the street from school, feeling weary and exhausted, for I had not had a real good day for a long time, I spied little Johnny sitting on the though he tried to assume a penitential air. "I've been fixing up all your postages, but they pitched all over the floor. I'm awful sorry," continued the little fellow, the penitence at last, drawing all the mischief out of his eyes, and filling them with tears instead. iron fence in front of the house, kicking his little legs impatiently against the rails. He was looking for me. As soon as he spied me, he clambered down and ran to meet me: "Oh Charley," he said, looking very mischievous.

This was too much for me to bear. I rushed by him speechless, and in an agony of suspense. Upon reaching my room I found the floor covered with the tiny bits of paper. Johnny had climbed up to my closet shelf, and armed with a pair of mother's scissors, he had cut the confining strings of all my packages,

and no doubt had spent a delicious afternoon in his stolen pleasure.

Poor little Johnny, he was nothing but a baby. There was no malice in his heart, and yet what damage he had done me! I was utterly overcome, and, heedless of his tearful supplications, I threw myself on the bed, and with my heels kicking ingloriously in the air, and my face buried in my pillow, I gave vent to my fatigue and disappointment in a good hearty cry.

Johnny ran screaming to father in his study, who upon hearing the cause of his grief came at once to my room. "Why Charley, my son," he said, laying his hand softly on my head, "what is the matter? Come, dry your eyes and tell me all about it." And then I told him my story from beginning to end, all my hopes, and aspirations, and the failure of my projects.

"My dear boy," said he, as I finished, "the energy and perseverance you have exhibited in this matter can be turned to much better account. How long have you been collecting these stamps?" "About two months," I replied. "And how many have you in all?" he enquired. "About four thousand," I said, "and father, you have no idea of the time it has taken to cut or soak them off, count them, and tie them into packages." "Yes, Charley," said he, musingly, "and have you any idea how long it will take you to collect your million of stamps?" "Well, father," I replied, "I never thought, but perhaps a year."

"What would you say, my boy, if I should tell you that at the rate you are going on it would take nearly thirty-two years?" I looked at him incredulously.

"At the rate of one hundred a day," he continued, "it would take ten thousand days to collect a million, which, leaving out the Sundays, would be, as I said, nearly thirty-two years. Now twenty dollars for thirty years would amount to sixty-two and a half cents a year, a little over five cents a month. Don't you think this would be very small compensation for so much hard work? Besides, who has offered to pay you this sum?" I did not know. I had expected to get my stamps and then find my purchaser.

"It was very generous in you, my dear boy," said my father, "to wish to help your parents, but we had rather you would be an educated noble man, than to have you a millionaire; a well-cultivated mind, and a firm trust in God, are better far than money. Now, suppose you put all your energy into your studies. Store your mind with knowledge, and your heart with true wisdom, and let all these matters alone."

My father's kind talk with me that afternoon changed completely my former course. I am now studying hard, and am striving to correct the weak points in my character, and by and by, I hope to turn my energy and business talents to good purpose.

I still hope to be able to make my father and mother comfortable in their declining years, and it may be that I shall, after all, take my sisters to Europe.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

## A NEGLECTED SPOT.

Of all the lonesome and nightmareish creations of human hands, is there any thing to be seen, not excepting jails, to rival the usual country school-house! Probably the situation of the little building is chosen without any regard to fitness other than as a spot midway of the "district." It is usually, too, a hideous little box, sometimes painted red, sometimes yellow, sometimes not painted at all; once in a while, when a great step in refinement has been reached, painted white, and finished with green blinds, a last pitch of elegance being given by a small belfry and a big bell; but this is not of frequent occurrence. As you drive by this place on a summer day, you peer into a little closet of an entry, with its water bucket and rusty dipper, and its rows of sorry torn hats, of sun-bonnets, and dinner pails, and from inner depths comes a long-drawn buzz and drone that makes you think only of wretched little prisoners, and a young jailer as wretched as they, shut up at unwelcome tasks in that unlovely spot. Hot, dusty, dull, tedious, and altogether exasperating in summer, what is the place in winter? A great furnace of a stove is set up at one end of the room, loaded with logs of wood, or else a tall cylinder, full of coal, that makes the region round about it a little Tophet, but keeps the outer edges of the room still in a polar chill. From around this furnace arise horrid smells of burning boots, of scorching woollens, and vapors of snow-wet clothes sizzling as they dry. The room is full of narrow files of desks that have never been painted, and that are ornamented with a world of curious carving, done in jackknife, of the initials, ships, anchors, and hearts of several generations. Around the sides of this cheerful place runs a row of dirty blackboards, filling the interspaces of the great bare windows. Above the blackboards the plaster wall is bare and broken, and decorated, as well as the ceiling, by solar systems and galaxies of little lumps of pulp or chewed paper, whose generic name, in default of any other, we will not be forced to use.

In this stifling and disgusting place, and in this company, days and weeks go by, while the young human being is taking the mould of his surroundings, and the community takes no notice of any thing but the fact of recitation and its degrees of imperfection. To paint the walls, to shape the painful seats, to improve the desks that the users would presently reduce to their original condition, and expect it to do any good additionally, would seem to every tax-payer in the district as idle as to send satin christening gowns to the South Sea Islanders, hoping to make them the better Christians, and as wanton a waste of money as if they shoved so many bank-bills into the furnace, hoping that the combustion would better warm the great room.

We wonder, under these circumstances, with the impassibility of committee-men, selectmen, and the rest, that it never occurs to the larger girls, whose instincts, as a rule, beauty finds more accessible than it does those of the other sex, or those of older people, to change, as they can, the appearance of things within and without this place in which they pass so many hours. If, for instance, they only determine, to begin with, to paper the wall above the blackboards, the cost of a cheap paper, divided among them all, will be but a mere trifle, and they can make a frolic of putting it on themselves, or of directing the big boys how to put it on. Then they can conspire to put neat shades and rollers at the windows that hitherto have been shaded at need by nothing better than a piece of green paper. Flowers, probably, would not live in the windows in winter; or, indeed, in the room at all; but there are a multitude of plaster casts and vases going about the land, on the image vendors' heads, and selling for little or nothing, from among which there may often be chosen really fine copies of good things, and which could be of vast service, with their silent speech, if set in the window spaces against the light, to teach beauty of outline when the tired eyes look up from the tedious study. If there is not among them money enough for this, small as the outlay would be, there are ways of raising it—by subscription, by "fairs," which they can carry through themselves, by harvest feasts and strawberry festivals, and which, indeed, may give them the further means of doing something larger, such as improving the teacher's desk, hanging maps behind it, buying globes for it, and shaming the committee into new desks and new floors. And if this may not be, something can be effected by individual effort—by knitting socks, or setting one's own particular hen, or any of the small ways in which determined girls can get a little money; and the individual effort of a dozen girls, when put together, will amount to no small matter.

Flowers and vines cost no money; they are freely given; they pass from one hand to another; they need only forethought and a little time. Virginia Creeper—or, as we commonly miscall it, woodbine—can be brought from the woods, set out in five minutes, requires but a little watering at first and a little training, rots no wood, hurts no paint, and hides the want of it; and this once started, before the girl who transplanted it has left school she may see it making a bower of the ugly little building. Clematis, too, may come from the woods, sweet-brier, wild smilax, and countless other things of beauty. While, to say nothing of rarer things, a few cents will buy a handful of morning-glory seeds, a few moments will plant them, and a few weeks will cover the side of the place with a screen of brilliant greenery all day, and with a perfect rainbow of blossoms every morning, that shall not only gladden the eyes of scholars and teachers, but shall soften a thousand asperities in the conduct of the day, and shall cause an ejaculation of blessing to escape the lips of every passer-by.—*Harper's Bazar.*

## A LESSON FROM THE PHONOGRAPH.

We had in our hands the other day a bit of the tinfoil upon which a phonograph had imprinted "Comin' thro' the rye." To the unaided eye there was simply a series of parallel lines, which varied almost unappreciably in depth or width. And yet that foil, placed upon the machine, would give out again the notes of the favorite old song, just as the performer had sung it, with all the accents, inflections, cadences, complete—an exact reproduction in miniature. It is almost too marvellous for belief. But we have had the testimony of our own eyes and ears as to the wonderful powers of this wonderful instrument.

The phonograph is in its infancy. What may be accomplished by it, to what practical uses it may be put, it is yet too early to tell. We do not see any insuperable difficulties in the way of its being made capable of giving a verbatim report of a speech, for example. And there are doubtless other practical purposes it may yet serve.

But we allude to it here to speak of the lesson that that bit of foil impressed upon us. It was the old lesson of the importance and the enduring effect even of little things. Important in many cases because enduring.

You utter a word into the mouthpiece of the phonograph. To-morrow, or next week, or next year, or a century hence, that word, with its every tone of love or hate, can be reproduced to the listener's ear. A little scratch on the foil, and the word is caught and held fast! There is no changing of its quality then. But you are uttering words all day long and every day, and they are impressing themselves somewhere, fixing themselves in the lives of your friends, your children. They are recorded before the throne of God. This tinfoil from the phonograph simply makes palpable to our senses the awful fact that we shall meet one day every utterance of our lives in the presence of the Judge. God is preserving our words not simply, but our deeds, and our very motives. All is down in His book of remembrance. What sort of a record is it we are preparing to face?—*Christian Weekly.*

## TEACHING IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

There are two or three ways of teaching. You sit down before your class, and you observe at once that, though they are ready to give you a certain courteous attention, their thoughts are otherwhere than on the lesson of to-day. Their minds are preoccupied. This pretty girl is full of her new spring toilet. That one is trying to ascertain how many yards of material it required to make a certain plaiting on her companion's dress. The third has a lover, and last evening he whispered in her ear some words so silvery sweet that all day long they have been singing in her heart. You must first win their attention from the present which engrosses it, to the eight or ten verses on which you have been expending so much thought and force. Now this is really no hardship. It is what every preacher of the gospel has to do every Sunday of his life; and you, to some extent, are sharer of his office. Men and women go to church and sit there in outward propriety of behavior, while their minds are roving to the ends of the earth, and their imaginations are caught in the toils of the shop, the kitchen, or the spring house-cleaning. Their minister must somehow lift them up into a clearer atmosphere, and this is what you must try to do for your class before you fairly launch into the lesson.

You may do it in several ways. You may say: "I read a very wonderful thing about Ninevah, last week," and then you may tell it. You may invite somebody to define "attention." Your first and most imperative business is to exert your own personality in such a manner as to arrest the group and compel its going on with you. You can do this provided you have come prepared thoroughly on your subject, and fortified by trustful prayer.—*S. S. Times.*

We met a professed Christian, the other day, who was actually relying for future salvation upon an experience already twenty years old. At that time, he said, he gave up all. But judging from his outward life, the most of what he then gave up had since come back to him. No giving up, such as we refer to, is really effectual only as it is persisted in. You "gave up all" twenty years ago? That is excellent. But unless you have also given up all each day since and continue to do so each day to come, you can finally hope for but little from that twenty years old act. Consecration is not an act to be once attended to and then left forever to take care of itself. It includes all time as well as all possessions,—everything placed on the altar forever, and kept there. Do not risk your eternal possessions by relying upon an old title deed that may long since have become invalid.—*Morning Star.*

The time for abandoning the use of tracts as helps in Christian work does not seem to have yet arrived—certainly not in Europe. To the owner of a well filled library, tracts may appear an antiquated device; but there are people glad to get any sort of reading, who welcome tracts as eagerly as in the early days of their use. Many reports from the Paris Exhibition, this year, show that tracts, especially in the French language, are much sought. One visitor writes that, in forty-five years' experience in tract distribution, he has never seen such a desire to obtain them. In London, tracts seem no less popular. At a recent annual meeting of the "Sermon Tract Society," connected with Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, it was reported that the Society, during the past eight years, has circulated about eighty thousand sermons as loan tracts, to be returned after reading. The Society has no less than thirty-seven out-stations in different parts of England.

It has happened too often that when a rich man died, the only question asked about him has been, "How much money did he leave?" What a poor and impoverished life such a question suggests! It has utterly failed in all that makes the possession of wealth desirable. Men of wealth and social standing cannot free themselves from the responsibility of their position, and secure the approbation of their fellow-men and an honorable name, unless they use their wealth wisely. Wealthy Christians, as a class, do not realize, as they ought, how grand a career the possession of money opens to them. It should be their ambition, as it is their duty, to put themselves at the head of the benevolent and religious enterprises that the times demand. Communism has no argument against wealth rightly used. Christianity would command the faith of the world, did the rich men who confess Christ devote even half their wealth to benevolence and the elevation of society. They would have something to live for worthy of a man's best efforts, and worthily rank with men of genius and talents whose works have blessed the world.—*Central Christian Advocate.*

## Question Corner.—No. 17.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed Editor Northern Messenger. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

121. What tribe was condemned to perpetual bondage, and by whose order?
122. What employment did Joshua give the Gibeonite bondmen?
123. With what people was the first battle fought by the Israelites after leaving Egypt?
124. Who hid one hundred prophets in caves?
125. In whose funeral procession do we find the first mention of horsemen?
126. Who prophesied that the Jews should eat their own children?
127. Who did the Lord make a terror to himself and his friends, and why?
128. Who prophesied that Judah should be carried into Babylon, and where is it recorded?
129. Where do we read of a collection being taken, and for what purpose?
130. What criminal in his confession said, "I saw, I coveted, I took?"
131. What old man is said to have felt none of the infirmities of old age?
132. Who expressed a desire to be "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest?"

### SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. A woman who guarded the bodies of seven slain men.
2. A Queen who was good and beautiful.
3. A Roman official who trembled under the reasoning of Paul.
4. A horned and untamable animal never used for sacrifice.
5. A climbing plant of rapid growth, under which the prophet Jonah once sat.
6. The name given to a fierce wind mentioned in *Acts.*

The *initials* give that which Christ promised to believers in time of trouble.

### ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 16.

97. Moses to Hobab, Num. x. 29.
98. David, of Saul and Jonathan, 2 Sam. i. 23.
99. Shamgar, Judges iii. 31.
100. Pharaoh's daughter, because she drew him out of the water, Ex. ii. 10.
101. He held his peace, Lev. x. 3.
102. In the valley of Moab, Deut. xxxiv. 6.
103. Seer, 1 Sam. ix. 9.
104. One thousand and five, 1 Kings iv. 32.
105. The song of the well, Num. xxi. 17,18.
106. Benhadad, King of Assyria, 2 Kings viii. 7,15.
107. Jair, 1 Chron. xi. 22.
108. Tiglathpileser, first King of Assyria, 2 Kings xv. 29.

### ANSWER TO ENIGMA.

1. P-aul, 1 Tim. i. 1.
2. A-bel, Gen. iv. 11.
3. T-imothy, 2 Tim. iii. 15.
4. I-sraelites, Exod. xix. 16.
5. E-sau, Gen. xxv. 33.
6. N-athaniel, John ix. 17-19.
7. C-anaan, Ex. iii. 8.
8. E-phraim, Gen, xlviii. 20.

### CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 15.—Hugh McKercher, Franktown, O., 13; Harry E Gowen, Kingsey, Q. 10.

To No. 14.—F Bromley, Cameron Mills, N. Y., 11; Hugh McKercher, Franklin, O., 12; Walter E. Scelye, East Cornwall, Conn., 9; Constance P. Logie, Newcastle, N. B., 1; Asa A. Mebowell Tilson esq., O., 11; Charlie B. Arnold, Sackett's Harbor, N. Y. 10; Jacob Killam, Dresden, O., 12; Lina Sutherland, Ingersoll, O., 12; Stephen S. Stevens, Hopewell Hill, N. B., 9; J. B. Ferguson, Franktown, O., 8; Andrew Derby, Durham, O., 4; R. D Moore, Selwyn, O., 10.

Harry E. Gowen, Kingsey, Que., sends us a complete list of answers.

Lilly May Kirkland, New Westminster, B. C., sends the answers to No. 12. 10 of which are correct.

## SCHOLARS' NOTES.

*(From the "Little Pilgrim Question Book," by Mrs. W. Barrows. Congregational Publishing Society, Boston.)*

### LESSON XI.—Sept 15.

IMPORTUNITY IN PRAYER.—Luke xi. 5-13.

5. And he said unto them, Which of you shall have a friend, and shall go unto him at midnight, and say unto him, Friend, lend me three loaves?

6. For a friend of mine in his journey is come to me, and I have nothing to set before him?

7. And he from within shall answer and say, Trouble me not; the door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed; I cannot rise and give thee.

8. I say unto you, Though he will not rise and give him, because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth.

9. And I say unto you, Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

10. For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

11. If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent?

12. Or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion?

13. If ye then being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Men ought always to pray, and not to faint."—Luke xviii. 1.

1. What did the disciples ask the Saviour to do for them?

ANS. To teach them to pray.

2. What form of prayer did he give them?

ANS. That which we call the Lord's Prayer, and which every Sunday-school child ought to know by heart.

3. What did he then go on to show them?

ANS. That, if they wished to be blessed, they must pray with importunity.

4. What is importunity?

ANS. A continuous asking, that will not be denied.

5. What illustration did he give them? Vers. 5-8.

6. What is an illustration?

7. What do you learn from these four verses?

ANS. That we must not be discouraged if we do not have an immediate answer to prayer, but keep on asking.

8. How many commands and how many promises do you find in ver. 9?

9. Do these promises mean that we shall have every thing we ask for?

10. What do they mean?

ANS. If we ask for things which it is best for us to have, and ask in the right way, we shall have them.

11. Who knows what is best for us?

12. What are some things which we are sure it is right to ask for?

ANS. To be made more holy and more useful.

13. Why may God sometimes delay answering even such a prayer?

ANS. To see if we are really in earnest, and will ask again and again.

14. What further illustration did the Saviour use? Vers. 11,12.

15. Explain the meaning of these verses.

ANS. If children make proper and reasonable requests of an earthly father, such requests would be granted.

16. What does he then say of our heavenly Father? Vers. 13.

17. Why is God more willing to bless us than earthly parents to bless their children?

ANS. Because he loves his children more tenderly than any earthly parent can love a child, and he knows just what we need.

18. May we bring the little things of our every-day life to God in prayer?

19. May we ask him for health, and happiness and riches, and all such things?

ANS. We may; but, as we are not sure that these things would be best for us, we must always add, "Thy will be done."

20. What is the best and greatest gift that God can give us?

ANS. The Holy Spirit, because if we have him in our hearts he will lead us to heaven and eternal life.

21. If God is so willing to give us his gift of his Spirit, why should we be without it?

ANS. We alone are to blame.

22. How must we ask if we would have our hearts filled with the Holy Spirit?

ANS. Humbly, earnestly, with faith, and with importunity.

23. What does the Golden Text say of prayer?

24. How often do you pray?

25. Do you ever pray in your heart without speaking any words?

*We will ask our friends this week to*

"PRAY FOR US."

### LESSON XII.—Sept. 22.

WARNING AGAINST COVETOUSNESS.—Luke xii. 13-23.

13. And one of the company said unto him, Master, speak to my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me.

14. And he said unto him, Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you?

15. And he said unto them, Take heed, and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.

16. And he spake a parable unto them, saying, The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully:

17. And he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits?

18. And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods.

19. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.

20. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?

21. So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God.

22. And he said unto his disciples, Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat; neither for the body, what ye shall put on.

23. The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Take heed, and beware of covetousness."—Ver. 15.

1. Repeat the Tenth Commandment. Exod. xx. 18.

2. Whose commandment is this?

3. What led the Saviour to talk of this sin? Vers. 13,14.

4. How did he warn his disciples? Ver. 15.

5. What is covetousness?

ANS. A strong desire for something which belongs to another.

6. Has this word any other meaning?

ANS. Yes: it also means an undue love of money, and a desire to get it and hoard it.

7. What parable did Jesus relate to his disciples? Vers. 16-19.

8. What is a parable?

ANS. A short story, to explain some truth.

9. Was the rich man to be blamed for having good crops and a plentiful harvest?

ANS. He was rather to be praised for thrift and industry.

10. What was his great mistake?

ANS. In laying it up for himself, instead of sharing it with the poor and needy.

11. What is the duty of those who have plenty of this world's goods?

ANS. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

12. Mention another great mistake of this rich man.

ANS. His plans were all for this world, and he made no preparation for another.

13. What did God say to him? Ver. 20

14. Why is it hard for a rich man to be a good man?

15. Who is like this foolish rich man? Ver. 21.

16. What is it to be "rich toward God"?

ANS. To give God our best love, and have him for our friend and portion forever.

17. What charge did Jesus next give his disciples? Vers. 22,23.

18. Does this mean that they are really to take no care of these things?

ANS. It means that they are not to take too much care and be over-anxious about them.

19. What is covetousness called by the apostle Paul?

ANS. Idolatry (Col. iii. 5).

20. How is a covetous person an idolater?

ANS. He loves riches more than anything else.

21. To what other sins will covetousness be likely to lead us?

ANS. To dishonesty and wrong-doing.

22. From what will every covetous man be shut out?

ANS. "From the kingdom of Christ and of God." (Eph. v. 5).

23. When you find yourselves thinking too much of money, what will you remember? Golden Text.

24. If you had plenty of money, what would you do with it?

*Command of Christ for this week,*

"LAY UP FOR YOURSELVES TREASURES IN HEAVEN."

## THE WORLD MOVES.

The following is from an article on "Japan and its Hopes," in the *New York Independent*, by the Rev. J. L. Atkinson.

"The multiplication of schools is a clear indication of a noble purpose to enlighten the masses. The common school system (as is well known) is modelled on our American plan. Boys and *girls* (Americans who know little of Asiatic customs can hardly appreciate the need of the word girls being written in Italics; but those who do know of them will appreciate the emphasis) study together. They study the same books and have the same teachers. In the common schools the girl is as highly favored as the boy. Further, that these common schools may have capable teachers, normal schools are being created in every governorate in the empire. A large building for this purpose is now almost completed, in this city of Kobe. Over 200 students are expected from the very first.

Every city, town, and little village is ambitious to be known as one in which there is a good school or schools. The revolution of thought that comes to the peasantry and others through the instruction that their children receive in the common schools is astounding to them. Speaking to a group of farmers one day about the existence, etc. of God, I happened to speak of the revolution of the earth around the sun. One said: "Is that really so?"

I replied: "Don't your children go to school?"

"They do," the man said, "and they have told me what you have said just now; but I didn't believe them. I thought they were telling lies or saying it just for the sake of talk." The old Buddhistic ideas of creation and providential care are handled with unconscious severity and telling effect by the little folk who are still in their primers. The education of the children is no longer in the hands of priests. It is entrusted to the most capable and wide-awake young men of the empire. And these men have no sympathy with Buddhism, Shintoism, or any other ism. "Enlightenment" is their watchword and the motive and aim of all their endeavors. Besides the common schools, there are for the young men schools of almost every description. The latest in Kobe is a business college for young merchants. Here all the branches that are taught in a business college in America are taught, both theoretically and by mimic transactions. Higher schools for the girls are still lacking; but as the common schools begin to graduate students it is highly probable that higher schools for the girls will be created. Woman has, however, so long been the servant or plaything of the man that it will take time for the Japanese to apprehend woman's true place in the social economy. The apprehension is being hastened. The residence of young men abroad in Christian and enlightened family circles; the works of travel, telling of the manners and customs of enlightened nations; the living among them of intelligent Christian families, missionary and otherwise, are working a revolution on this subject. Educated young men, who have been abroad, return, and find few if any young women who are capable of being the wives the want. Some of these men now yearn for a home, with all its social companionships and sweet ministries of love and intellectual helpfulness. A young man of rank wrote to me last year asking if in our girls' seminary here we had not a young lady who would make him a good wife? He spoke of his rank, his income, his education in America, and then said that he wanted a wife who could take some true interest in the things which interest him so much. He felt that he could not marry unless he found one who could be a companion to him and who could make him a home. I knew of one who would be what he seemed to want. When the matter was referred to the lady, it was discovered that education, Christian truth and sentiment, and some mingling with Christian people had so changed the ordinary Japanese maiden's views on the subject of marriage that she said, without any hesitation, that, "although she appreciated the young man's rank, wealth, education, and the honor he offered her, yet, as she did not love him, she could not become his wife!" Here, certainly, was some indication of "enlightenment," "liberty," "reformation," "progress!" It is sincerely to be hoped that this will continue, until every maiden in all the land may come to have the same sentiment and be enabled to act in the same womanly way.

This one young man's position is the position of hundreds in the empire to-day. This state of things being so consciously unsatisfactory, there can be but little doubt that higher schools for girls will gradually be created, and intelligence be the portion of both sexes."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